

The Honorable Richard D. Bennett
United States District Judge
District of Maryland
101 West Lombard Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21201

Re: *United States v. Harold T. Martin, III*
Crim No. RDB-17-0069

Dear Judge Bennett:

First a disclaimer. Nothing in this statement is classified, no last names of private persons, nor technical talk, just my personal opinions. I thank the court in advance for its patience. It has been said that one's name should appear in print only three times: announcement of birth, notice of marriage and obituary. We may have to consider adding this proceeding to that list, in order to provide others with explanation, accounting, and apology, as they seek closure. Today is my day for that, so here I am, Harold Thomas Martin, III, an individual who was perhaps an intellectually curious adventurer, looking for an unparalleled, high impact international opportunity, to take part in that severe contest, between intelligence, which presses forward, and unworthy, timed ignorance, obstructing our progress. Maybe more Antonius block, searching for knowledge, and playing chess for the rightest of reasons, or perhaps Major Pugachev in his last battle, fighting to be free. Or just the new number 6, Episode 17 noted. Regardless, what I have been called is a walking encyclopedia, and that's fair enough, but what I'd like people to know is that I am not an encyclopedia salesman. I'm crystalizing, not commoditizing, not commercializing. I'm also not Captain American, nor any kind of Superman, either, not in the comic book sense, nor Nietzschean dialectic. Not some crash override, nor Gibson's Henry case; no one special Just an average Joe, Just a Joe. What I can tell

you for certain, though, is that I am Christian in action, Catholic in application, doer of deeds, and that has truly been, where eagles dare. Now, for family, friends and others that I would try to make amends, and provide the aforementioned relief, in addition to encouragement, comfort and at least a small measure of solace, it will be the only time I intend to speak on this matter with most of you, for most of you, the last time I speak in general.

Mom and Dad, I'd like you to know I will be fine. I want to apologize for failing to listen and hear, at times, and for taking so long to heal wounds. You gave me the best training possible, professionally, with knowledge of who we are, through the ages. Time is relative, and we will always be in each other's hearts. See you soon, your first born, Chip. P.S. you named me. What did you expect to have happen?

Mike, Beth and Victoria: thank you for your support in my time of troubles. I know I haven't been the best brother, but I am learning how much family matters. Between faith and flag, I'm sorry I got the order mixed up, I intend to make up for it, going forward. Much love. Your crazy brother, Chip.

Audrey, thank you for the gifts of fine art, much and language; the Hallmarks and fruits of civilization. I'm sorry I didn't spend more time with you and Guy. Let's remedy that. We'll always remain connected through the universals of the cosmos. No matter what. All my love, Chip.

David and Chris, I'm sorry we drifted apart. Maybe you can find a bit of forgiveness now that you know more. Hope you both are well. Love, Chip.

Grandma and Grandpa: Well, things are wrapping up here; it's time for you both to go home now. Grandma, Uncle Anthony says hello, and he wants you to know that he sends his very best. He asked that you bake some cookies and says he'll see you both very soon. Alright,

enjoy and watch out for that door. Thomas and Richard; Tom, Dick and Harry. That was us. Remember what we talked about? Harry Palmer here did it, and it all begins with a very expensive funeral. I'm sorry I didn't keep up over the years, I'll try to remedy that soon.

Dr. Croan: You were my Professor Kingsfield, Ulma and Arendt, plus a 1000 others. Thank you for the lessons of history, and the actual governing dynamic expansion and coexistence.

Devon: Definitely, my phair one, with voice husky, sweet and eyes so mysterious at times; Venus on a half shell; I, your David. I'm sorry for what came between us, and my insensitivity about the issue. It is all my fault. That matter is something I will forever regret, forgive me. And I'm glad you found a full life in the MEO. You know, with the other ones, on a holiday, distant lanes are not so far away. So Dev, Rome, if you want to, roam around the world. Ciao, bella, Chip.

Marina Piccola Testa Rossa Si, E. Vero, Sono Cacciatore. I will always remember Newport, a certain black Spyder, and Commander Mullen's good advice, Anche, Ho Capeto Que Ti Amo. I'm sorry it didn't work out. I hope you and James are well. James, stay on the square and level. I seek the great architect as well. In hoc signo vinces; very good stuff. Alright, Marina, in soca a'cupo. Aaccini, Baccini, Baccini, best Hal.

Sigrid: my perfect Prussian, absolutely wonderful woman, and complete atomic blonde. Those were the days my friend. We thought they'd never end. The bloody and baroness, rolling up their store, and I had your six, partner, as you were wingman. I'm sorry I couldn't share more of our hearts, because it felt like, in your eyes, we both wanted to. I think it was just hard to way. Thanks for teaching me how to use your ulfberht; thanks for explaining Goethe to me, the soul of your land. It's in mine, too, you blue moon beam. Be careful, my bundes babe, they do

play on our sense of duty. I miss you, Sigs, I really do. So machts nich seggi machts nichts allres gut, endes gut, ja? Aufweidersehen Leibling, Tschus Und Russ Kuss, Hal.

Liz: Black and blue, a hundred shades of you. I hope you've found a way to tame that beautiful gypsy spirit of yours. I'm sorry we didn't work out, but it was very special, and I'm sorry I screwed it up with my issues. There was love, and the boss said it best, it was a tunnel of love. Is that you, baby, or just a brilliant disguise? So, be gentle with Martin. Everyone desires a good love. Martin: Well they claim I've pulled a bit of a swifty, thus we may have to leave it at this. Good on you both. Good luck and enjoy the land of wonder. You're on the front lines, mate. Take care, guys, best Hal.

Now to the hardest one of all – Deborah. Deb, the skies parted when we met. All nature approved. It was crazy you and crazy me, searching for Infiniti, Oliver and Jenny, a love story. Fred said I was definitely dippy about the way you walked. It sounds like madness, because it must be love, every day, every night. It turned into something much, much more. I said something about being a Ninja, you heard Ninjo, and thought I wanted to talk about our feelings. Thank goodness you did. You saved me, and by extension, very possibly quite a few other people, places and entire institutions as well. The power of love. The Deb effect. It's the real thing. You awakened my soul, Mumford style, and I wanted to sing you a song for a cold winter's night, dance you till the end of love. But, instead, it looks like it will be if you could read my mind, love. So, Deborah, you helped me up, for I had fallen. You helped me find my way out of that glimmering wilderness, out of the darkness. I think, though, that we were granted a severe mercy. The one C.S. Lewis spoke of, and more than anything, thank you for helping me find what's right again. Deb, water bears no scars, and I am a new creation. Now a man walking a penitent path. That is why it is so hard to say, and I so sorry that Rick and Ilse

Airport Talk, the one about not today or tomorrow, but soon and forever. Well, here's looking at you kid. We'll always have Burlington, and the memory of trees. So, as you wish, "To blave! Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at ll. Toujour, Toijour, Tous Mes Jours, Ma Coeur, Ma Vie, Ma tout Bon Chance, Et Aurevior, My love.

Onward, and to the more aggrieved parties. For those gentle folk, living down in a savage land, off Savage Road, I offer a glaf of truce. For a cessation of hostilities, I know you've been talking about me. No doubt amidst a torrent of obscenities. Now you know me, and I know you. Inside and out. We have spent a lot of time together, and we have talked, ad naueam. I am very sorry for what has happened. I want to apologize, and also to share with you that anger is like drinking poison, and expecting the other person to die. Now, heart to hear my issue is pride, vanity. 1st Corinthians, Chapter 13. I was not a charitable man. One of the hardest lessons is how to face up to exactly who is that man in the mirror. So, in a sense, I think I was trying to protect you from myself, as well. Try that paradox on for size. In seeking ideas, we can turn into idealists and perfectionists. In our zeal, we can turn into zealots. It was my untampered belief in that unbreached rationality, the result of unchecked volitional consciousness. Good in moderate doses, but excess can lead to extremes. Oh, and that sign, it's not the only one to seek. Tempus Fugit, so let us begin to use safe words with each other. I'm sorry for being a bit harsh, a disciplinarian, applying a little too much OTK. Well, I wanted you better, not broken. So I'm sorry for pushing you, giving you a tune-up encouragement and best thoughts are these: Your worst enemy, after the usual suspects., is some of our own. Beware the tyranny of the mediocre. That mind-numbing serocracy that stifles imagination and innovation, setting idly by, sipping a large glass of tall poppy syndrome, with a chaser of schadenfreude. So, when you need to find the speed of heat, have a really solid understanding of what you can skip

and what you must do. Because, without the middle initial, the other two just indicate something else. Last thoughts, I know that the lack of open acknowledgment of technological acumen and achievement is hard, but please don't boast or brag. Loose lips, sink ships. Then, as now, also please remember my words with you regarding Hubris, and Time. By the way, I've found that frequency. The one in the picture. It's the road to Shambhala, and it's nice. So I won't be coming back. Best, Hal. P.S. Got root? Try harder, get wired. That my 21 input. So long.

For J.D.: No old man. Thought I was having trouble with my adding. But it's all right now. Via con dios, Amigo, Hal.

For Rob: I'm sorry for playing apex predator with you. But I am an extremely apt pupil. Some guys drive a Charger, others drive a Prius. It is what it is. You're a good man, Rots, Best, Hal.

For the Admiral, and cc: to Shawn, Mike, Swo to So, I'm sorry to have played the pirate and given emergency orders to Helm and Lee-Helm. The enterprise was in extremes and elevation, at risk. You ne3ded to know, and have an op for ex by a real badger. No honey included. Just straight up bucky, with a red flag. Jack Rackham, revisited. Thank you for treating me with dignity and decorum. As I deserved neither. It meant a lot, and I meant every word in my letter to you. I am regaining my bearing, and intend to act appropriately from here on out. Fair winds, following seas, full speed ahead. Ride, Captain, ride. All my best, V/R Hal.

Dr. R: you are the greatest. I'm sorry I couldn't give you better ideas to get you through the storm. Much success in the days ahead. My complete admiration and respect. Best, Hal.

For brothers and sisters: Oh, what would you think if I sang out of tune? Make no mistake, the manner and method of my approach was unorthodox, unconventional, uncanny. But also unauthorized, illegal and just plain wrong. One step beyond black. Please do not copy this,

it is not the easy or correct path. I took shortcuts, went backwards, sideways and around things, crossing major borders and boundaries. It is not good, it's very, very BAD. Please don't. No "boldly pressing enter where angels fear to tread". Creativity and imagination can be a curse. Especially if to the manner Bourne. So I hope you will accept this explanation and apology. Having said that, I would offer words of encouragement: As a child of divorce myself, I'm glad I could hope you with yours. Remember, we work to create a world in which our services are no longer required. For now though, it's close action, and sharp. Our nation is under attack like never before, and it lies for old, but the eyes are the same. Don't be afraid to look, you're stronger. They're right, truth is the first victim, so it's John 8:32 and more importantly, John 10, verses 10 through 15, inclusive. Do beware of the long term effects of that professional schizophrenia, a bipolar lifestyle, and rampant paranoia. As for me, ex umbra lux. So I'm moving on. The BENEDICTION and Blackstone appeal, with a bit of Buddha and a lot of Luther. I'm clear and sober, but still only 50%, and can barely sing Daisy. Like Father Merrin though, I have talked a leap of faith and begun to face my demons. I have not ceased to care, especially whether you are all concerned because after at least 4 times, it has started to take on that special flavor, and I am fighting for it. Thus a repeat of the ancient oath: We move in shadow, we work in secret, we serve in silence. Now, please take this to heart, Look out for one another. Care for each other. Be kind to one another. Because, I can tell you to a certainty, that out here, in the deepest dark, running sold, it is very, very, loud. So pump up the volume. Check out your gear and find that quiet, smile. Stay alert, stay alert, and you'll stay alive. Alright, it's Guggs forever. Set cruise control to run at 5/4 time. As you move intelligently forward, Excelsior, Hal. P.S. To strive, to find, to seek and not to yield. Remain, as I do, heads in the boar. You'll find swine.

Sherrill and Bob: Well, Sherrill, it looks like you have your reset and balancing. Enjoy. Because it does come at a price, and a cost. I'm sorry if there was blow back. Bob, sorry about all the destroyed dinnerware. Perhaps, dinner out is in order. All the best, Hal.

For Oleg and Mischa: I'm sorry we didn't get to talk more. Your insights and observations were spot-on. Your ideas invaluable. Full marks, top of the class. Thank you for laying the Great game. One night in Bangkok makes a hard man humble. Best, Hal.

For Gina: Go you. Congratulations on breaking barriers. I'm sorry if I showed up on your list of issues. And, I apologize for coping the staff and coping the rod. In my humble opinion, Gina, if we are truly to be avengers, standing side by side as equals, 50-50, then we must celebrate, investigate and appreciate each other's diversity, differences and abilities in order to win the day. All my very best and highest regards, Hal.

For Robert/Joe/Ed/Ingo: Thanks for the training, and the tools. It made the difference when the Chip was down. A real run cola run moment. Sorry I couldn't have been a better artist. See you on the other side, Hal. P.S. I did learn to push, just fine, though – and the bear genius.

For Steve, John, Erica, Nicole and the rest: Steve, you were my Colonel Trautman. You were right about everything. You helped me believe gain. Believe in the mission, and I thank you for that. I'm sorry I was very broken and damaged by then. I wished I could have been better for you. I wore a black hat for a savage and, but for you, I put on that black and rode back there, as a paladin. Your mil-spec monkey, on patrol, doing long rang recon. I flipped the switch to battle override, turned and burned, accelerated, expended the last round, and burned out the rest of the circuits. You all are worth it. But I have to tell you, general staff duty is actually

rough. So Steve, remember all we talked about. The governing dynamics. I have seen 5000 years of battle, and it's getting late. Si Vis Pacem, para bellum U/R, Best, Hal.

For Ash and Frank (and the J-Crowd): Sirs, it was the only way I could see to solve all the equations. Desperate man, desperate times. So I want to sincerely apologize and say mea culpa, mea culpa, maxima culpa. Please forgive a mind made febrile by the facts presented, and my unbecoming conduct. Jason Bourne, Scary Version, Best job I ever had. Travel well, may the good Lord bless and keep you. V/R Hal. P.S. The Heilmeyer question: It is a conundrum Sirs. Work just fine for J-Fours. To paraphrase, Some good men, your progress is marked, but it is not completed. Clarity of purpose and thoughts can serve to strengthen all of us for the tasks that still lie ahead. I'm sorry I did it the way I did, for I truly loved the work. All my good thoughts and prayers. Hal.

For that curiously interesting and curiously exciting crowd: I'm very sorry for yanking your chain, and pulling you into this, but you had serious issues with your management. Best thoughts for you are these. Read closely the following: Gordievsky, Reibbling, Kaguen, Masterman, Reinhart, Gehlen, and William R. Johnson

Also, remember the words of the great Ray Rocca, regarding friendly services. Be careful while building out that Prnopticon of Orwell and amyatin, Remember, it not a total solution. You still have to think critically. Perfection of the instrument is important. But your model and theory must be shown by the data. Good data. Blindness to bias can be a very tricky thing to account for. You may find yourself subjected to it. As well as instrumental power, an unwelcoming side effect of free ice cream. Happy hunting. So, I'm sorry, but I don't drink Vodka. And I'm immune to Smirnov. They tend to cloud the mind; the mist releases monsters from the ID.

For Uncle Bob and Bill: Sirs, I'm very sorry to drag you back in the meat grinder. The kids aren't getting it, and a good number of the adults, are frankly, AWOL. Jim Angerton is spinning in a box. The purple dragon is weeping, and Markus Wolf? Well he's just laughing at us from the great beyond. So you're needed Bob. Thank you for such fancy work, of that part, there can be no doubt I couldn't find the words myself, so I jumped the problem queue. The things, I don't believe in the no win scenario. Bill, you take the high road, because I guess I took the low road, Sir. Wisdom, Chapters, 6, 7 and 8. I pray for Chapter 9, daily. I'm sorry I couldn't have done it better or cleaner. Had to call Arty on my own POS. Bob had to lean into it. You both have my complete admiration, respect and highest regard. Best, Hal.

To that cool dude, in a loose mood. I'm sorry. What I wanted to say is just this. Knock it off, sport. To be fair, though, those people, they, them. They have been through quite a lot. They've asked us to understand their collective experience, to come and see what happened to them. The last time the world went insane. Perhaps straight forward diplomacy, can engender a watchful trust. Because the relationship matters, and it dies not from love or hate, but neglect, and indifference. It requires both a constant gardener and night manager which brings me to Jeremy. Yes, you're right. If it's about your kids, it's about everybody's kids, and everybody. And Cusack would get this, it's about no one ever, ever having to say, "hey what happened to Major Kong?" The nominal positive operation of functional security controls, Jeremy, that's what it's about. Good luck. Best, Hal.

Now, last to you. Your Honor. I must apologize. When we started this, back in 2016, you said that this matter gave you "great pause." I've been thinking about that a lot since then, and it does, doesn't it? You, as much as others, can imagine what all of this implies, and I'm

extremely sorry for that. To bring that reality to you. All of you should be able to expect that your taxes are being spent efficiently, wisely and to good effect. The skies over America have grown a bit dark, but I can offer you this hope: I have met a lot of good people too, and they continue to engage. They are worthy of your faith. So I will end with this, Your Honor. My methods were wrong, illegal, and highly questionable. I will continue to seek wisdom, and pray for it daily, because I do not the difference. I know the difference between fighting for something, and dying for nothing. I made my stand. Anyway, that's my view. It happens to be a matter of interpretation. I thank the Court for its time.

P.S. There is more of a personal nature, with respect to silver sisters, the Crew, YLS and public persona, academia, etc. TBD

P.S.S. For Sisters of Silver: Shall I sing to you, my sisters. A faithful song. Thank you for teaching me your ways, and of that wisest of wounds. Know that I will keep all in confidence. I am sorry, for being a good Cunningman, but not the best Greenman. Please forgive. I am sorry also to tell you that I have chosen another path, but I do remember all the "herstory" we talked of, as we knew each other's names, as we held each other's gaze, as we played Gerrad's Human Game. Such ocular precision. Sisters, our eyes bright, by fire's light. Know that although I now wear a very old cross on my chest and shield, I defend all of us, and will always call you friend. By mirror round, twixt and tween. Be blessed. Sotto lie steue, sottto la luna, Hal

For Kusana gi, Batou, atoichi, ZZ tools and Jammer: Veni, Vidi, Vie. Word - take care of Selene. She bites and can be a bit of a beastie. Keep working on that reverse turn problem, and stay on the six-bone. We did good. Know that I'm giving it all up, and going in search of better self, to find that inner ben kenobe. Remain leets and lerts, and stay frosty. Racer-X.

For Yale Law School: I should have applied a long time ago. Thank you for being the lamp and the light through a very dark and dangerous time. You've shown me many new ways to think, and I shall continue in the law; thank you for being my "1L" experience. All my best, Hal.

For the public personalities and celebrities whose images AI used in a meme or social media reference: no personal slight or misuse was intended. Only the best qualities of the characters as portrayed. The best to you all. Regards, Hal.